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Mrs. Kerrens's Christmas.

(By Mabel Quiller-Couch.)

Roscommon street lay off a side street which branched off from the Tottenham Court road. It was not a very heartening spot, nor a salubrious; in fact, even to those who sought its shelter most diligently, its sole recommendation was the retirement in which one could live in it, and to a great number of the inhabitants no other recommendation could have been so comprehensive.

As far as the houses themselves went, there was much that might be said for them. They were fairly large, and in decent repair, the roofs were sound, and the windows were large and made to open; but they were an eyesore, and their dingy drabness told on the spirits of even the most casual passer-by. The builder, or architect, if architect had ever been employed on such a monument to his own disrepute, had evidently aimed at making every house in the street an exact counterpart of the other, and had achieved his ambition with a completeness seldom allowed to anyone in this world, a completeness which defied every effort of the inhabitants to give the slightest individuality or homelikeness to their own particular homes, and there were homes innumerable, and presumably a great many tastes in Roscommon street. Almost all the houses were let out in floors to separate families, but the greatest demand was for the attic story or the basement. The attic story consisted of one room, with a large expanse of floor, though but little available space. In fact, there was only one small square in the middle in which you could stand upright; but to balance this inconvenience, one could occasionally get a breath of fresh air through the window in the roof.

Mrs. Kerrens occupied one of the attics, the one at No. 12. It had been in a very carping spirit that she had taken it, and only after many complaints and much contempt; but now, after nearly a year's occupancy, and when the probability of her having to leave it had become imminent, she told herself it was one of the most comfortable little homes in London, and shrank unutterably from the prospect of having to seek another.

Just over a year ago she had been the victim of one of those strange, almost reckless impulses which sometimes come upon old people, astonishing even those who know them best; an impulse which makes them tear up the roots of their lifetime, and begin life anew in a way and place entirely foreign to them, and, one would have thought, entirely distasteful. On such an impulse she had sold her belongings and left her home in the country, and sallied forth to find London and her son Jabez.

Certainly life had become for her very lonely and objectless after her husband's death; without Jabez, too, she had felt it intolerable. She had no ties and no particular friends in the place where she was, so she determined suddenly to leave it, and left it without a regret, thinking only of the comfortable home she would have with Jabez, and how conveniently she could settle in by Christmas.

True, Jabez had not answered her last letters, but she blamed the postmaster-general for that, certainly not her son; so, never doubting that her letters had reached him, and that she would find him awaiting her at the station, she started off with a light heart, and Jabez's address on a scrap of paper in her basket. When she reached her journey's end and found herself alone on the platform, she had lost both. Fortunately, her memory was stouter than her heart, but she did not let her fear get the mastery of her, at least not until she had asked every porter she saw if Mr. Jabez Kerrens, of 127 Duke street, Highbury, was on the platform, and had been answered with many a smile and shake of the head, in the negative.

There was nothing left for her to do, she decided, but to go to 127 Duke street, Highbury. Fortunately for her she was ignorant of the hopelessness and danger of the situation. And with a firm shake of the head, and in a voice there was no doubting, she declined to take a cab. She would walk; on that point she was determined. 'On your own feet you know what you are about, but the minute you trust yourself to anyone else, there is no knowing what the end of it may be,' she argued. After a great deal of advice, asked and given, she allowed her box, though with many misgivings as to her chances of seeing it again, to be deposited in the cloakroom. That done, she started off out into the cold and darkness.

By seven that evening she had—no one knew how—reached Roscommon street. Mrs. Tomes, who occupied the fifth floor back room in No. 12, and always went out in the evening to do her shopping, found a thin, old woman, dressed in black and clutching a basket, clinging in a fainting condition to the railings round the area of No. 17. Mrs. Tomes had a tender heart, and, fortunately for Lavinia Kerrens, an honest one, for Lavinia herself was not in a condition to doubt anyone who showed her kindness. Any voice addressed to herself, any look with any regard in it for her, was to her, in that great lonely waste of a city, heaven-sent.

A few moments later Mrs. Tomes was assisting the poor, worn-out traveller up the many flights of stairs which led to her own room. Worn out as she was, she was not too worn out to notice the dirty, untidy state of the stairs, and they filled her with

CLINGING TO THE RAILINGS IN A FAINTING CONDITION!

a new sense of repulsion and home-sickness; but the room they reached at last was clean and homelike, with a cheerful little fire burning in the grate.

So began Lavinia Kerrens's residence in No. 12 Roscommon street. At first she stayed on day by day with Mrs. Tomes, as her lodger, borne up by the belief that her stay there would cease as soon as she was able to bear the journey in search of Jabez. On journeying to Duke street, Highbury, and finding strangers at No. 127, her confidence received a severe shock. The first pangs of more than one great fear seized her, too. All the money she had in the world, or could hope to have, she had with her. What would happen if it should all be used before she found Jabez? The thought was so terrifying she put it from her, but the realization of her fears was nearer than she imagined.

About this time the occupants of the attic story left unexpectedly, and, after some thought, Lavinia offered herself as tenant. The rent asked somewhat shocked her, and the state of the room after the other tenants left it was revolting to her country-trained senses. Before she could live in it she had it thoroughly cleaned and papered, spending far more on it than she had ever contemplated. She had paid Mrs. Tomes, too, for her accommodation, over-paid her, in fact; but having talked a great deal about her wealthy son, she felt that much was expected of her, and through those first weeks her mind had been easy enough. All day long she was out searching the streets and scanning the names over the shops and offices.

Her first idea had been to search through London in this way, but before she had gone through her own district her spirit forsook her. The streets were so endless, she lost herself so continually, that at last her nerve was gone. For weeks, too, during the hot weather she was so weak and poorly she could scarcely walk at all. Soon after that a real fear gripped her as to her money lasting, and with winter and the near approach of Christmas her fears became a certainty. Unless she found Jabez very soon she must find work to do or go to the workhouse.

When first she grasped to the full the hopelessness of her situation, the thought of it never left her. Something must be done, and she herself must do it; but she felt so utterly forlorn and helpless in that great, uncaring city.

She stood alone in her cold room, very cold it was, for fires were a rare luxury for her now, and gazed hopelessly up through the skylight. Nothing met her anxious eyes but greyness; a thick fog was shutting out the sky and enveloping everything, it crept up the stairs and through her window, it seemed to creep into her bones, too, and about her heart, and the smell of it made her feel ill. Despair was filling her heart, and she was incapable of any effort to throw it off. She owed four weeks' rent, and she knew that unless it was paid she would be turned out—turned into the street at Christmas, or into the workhouse. She thought of past Christmases, spent in ease and comfort, and of her gifts of tea to the old pauper women in the workhouse—she could realize better now the position and feelings of those recipients of her charity. It was difficult for her to believe that Christmas was close at hand; to the residents in her neighborhood it seemed to make no difference, and no one seemed to be interested in trying to make any for them. Everything in this new life of hers was so changed, she felt herself a stranger

YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR PLACE VERY COMFORTABLE.

to her old self. 'It could not be,' she cried, awaking suddenly to the truth, 'it cannot be that I, I, Jabez's mother, will be turned out—sold up!' Her cheeks flushed at the thought. She would make one more effort to get work, one more attempt to find Jabez. With a wealthy son in the same city, she could not be sold up, it was impossible. The owner of the house was a hard man, at least, so the agent and all his tenants said; but he would never so insult the mother of rich Jabez Kerrens.

On her way downstairs she looked in at Mrs. Tomes's door. Mrs. Tomes was washing, and washing was to her a tax on her time and temper. The room, though steamy and heavy with the smell of soap and dirty suds, was warm, and to Mrs. Kerens's shivering body, comfortable.

'I'm going out,' she said, trying to speak cheerfully. 'I'm going to find Jabez, something tells me I shall. It does seem ridiculous that with him and me in the same town I should be put to such inconvenience and worried up so. 'Tisn't fair to him, either; he wouldn't like to think of his mother being so awkwardly placed. Surely rich men in London ain't so plentiful that they can be lost sight of.'

'They can manage it when they wants to,' said Mrs. Tomes, wisely. 'I have a darter married to a man ever so rich, and they'm living in London somewhere, but for the life of me I can't tell where. I never knew nothing about it till somebody told me Polly was married and had a big house and servants, and I thought for certain she'd allow me something, and when she didn't, and never so much as let me know she was married, I made up my mind I'd let her know I knew, and she should pay me to keep away if she didn't pay me nothing else; but I've never been able to find her yet.'

The winter afternoon had closed in, the lamps were lighted in the streets, the brilliantly-lit shops looked gay and cheerful, and gave her her first glimpse of Christmas preparations. She was quite sorry to turn out of the busy streets into the gloom of Roscommon street. She was tired, too, by that time, and her depression returned as she dragged herself slowly up the dark, dirty stairs. As she neared the top a smell of tobacco smoke greeted her. 'Mrs. Tomes's daughter and her husband must have come at last,' she thought, and she went on her way, feeling more than ever lonely.

When first she opened her own door a wild joy shot through her—Jabez had come! Fire-light, lamp-light, and tobacco smoke greeted her across the threshold, and a man sat by the hearth. But the creature who turned in his seat by the fire to look at her was certainly not Jabez.

'What do you want?' she cried, half angry, half frightened. 'How dare you intrude in this way?'

The man looked at her with ugly eyes a moment, then his jaw settled obstinately. 'Rent!' he answered curtly, 'and be quick!'

Then it had come, she thought; this was the man in possession. She tottered into the room and leaned against the table for support; the man occupied her only chair and he did not offer it to her.

'You don't keep your place very comfortable,' he said, gruffly, kicking the fire together with his boot. 'I had to send to buy coal to keep life in me.'

'Who has sent you?' she asked in a stifled voice.

'Your landlord, of course,' he answered.

'What—what does he mean to—do?'

'Nothing, if you stumps up the money; if you don't, why, he'll be forced to sell.'

(To be Continued.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

The March Out.

'The Adviser.'

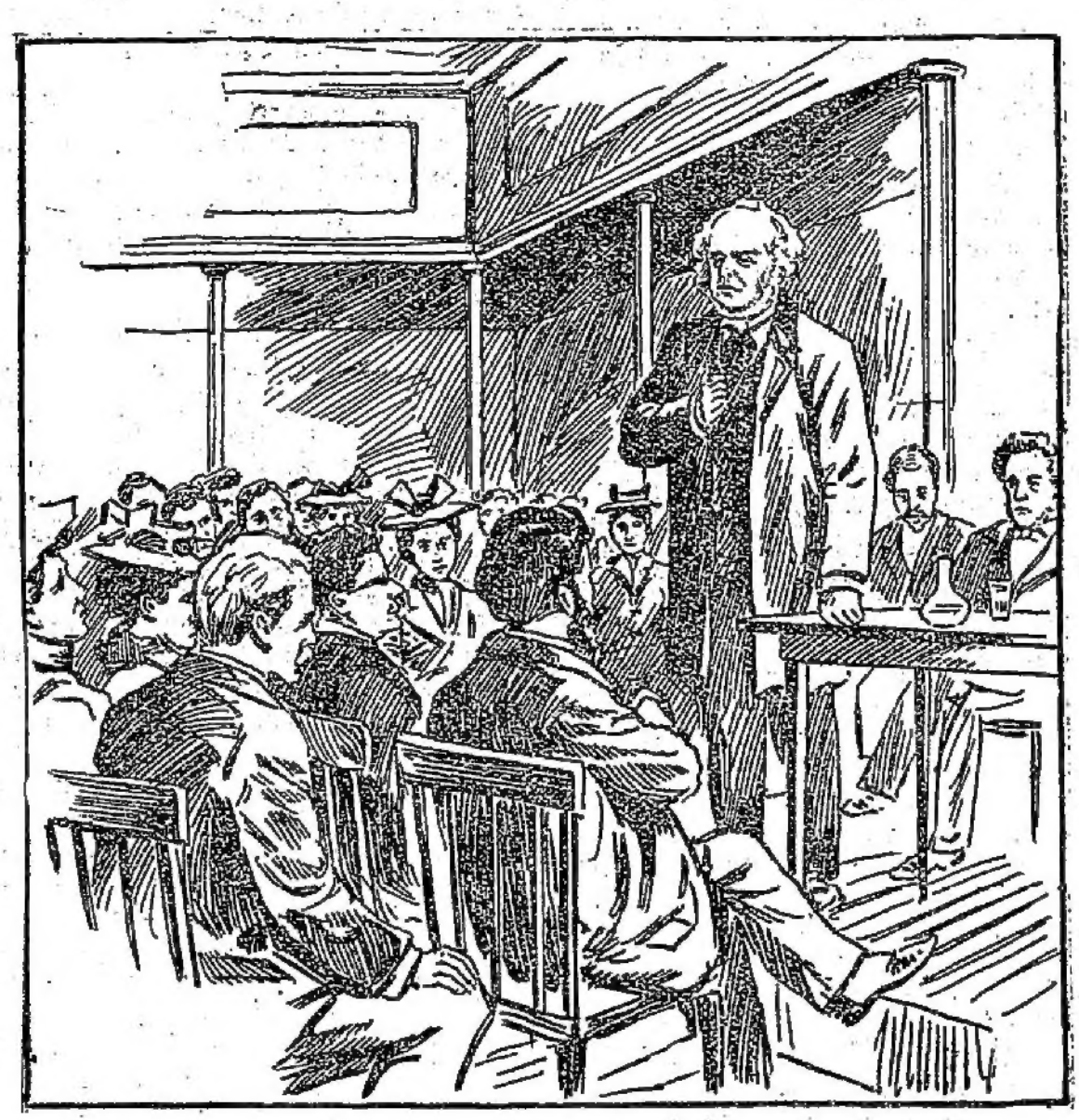
'Oh, Aunt Maude, whenever did you wear this awful old thing!' screamed Nan and Jessie, tumbling down the attic stairs full of excitement and laughter, 'It looks as if you had bathed with it on.'

Aunt Maude lifted the draggled old hat off Nan's head, and turned it round on her hand reflectively.

'It does look a little like that,' she agreed; 'but you see, that was the hat I wore the day I marched out with the temperance procession through *Reddesleaf*, and the rain was coming down all the while.' The trimmings were ruined, but I kept it as a memorial all the same.'

'Aunt Maude! You march in a procession!' cried Jessie incredulously. 'You wouldn't do such a thing.'

'Wouldn't I, Jessie? Why not?' asked



her pretty aunt, laughing. 'But indeed, my dear, I would have said the same myself had anyone asked me beforehand, We never know, you see, what we will do till the time comes.'

'Tell us about it, Auntie,' coaxed little Nan, cuddling down on the rug to listen comfortably; 'you stories are more interesting than anybody else's.'

Aunt Maude shook her head at this artless flattery, but she laid the hat down on the table and began notwithstanding.

"There isn't much story about it, dearie, she said, 'and yet, it was in one way, the cause of all my happiness since. Six years ago I used to visit amongst the poor people in the big cotton factory in Reddesleaf, where Uncle George was manager. There was one man there who was a terrible drunkard. He wouldn't give the money he earned to his wife and children, but spent everything in drink, leaving his poor little children and their mother to starve. I used to call on his wife and take her little comforts now and then, and often she would ask me to speak to her husband and try to get him to leave off his bad courses. I was not a teetotaller at all then, but I felt quite sure that nothing at all would do for Frank Herdman but taking the pledge. So every chance I got, I spoke to him, and one day I remember I was very earnest about it, for I heard your Uncle George say that Herdman was to be turned off next payday, as he was such an unsteady hand. I knew my brother would never say that without meaning it, and I felt very sorry for poor Mrs. Herdman and the little ones. When I got to the cottage, Herdman was standing at the door.

'"Do, Mr. Herdman, listen to me," I said. "Won't you agree to take the pledge to-day, just to oblige me? It isn't polite of you to refuse a lady so often, you know."

'He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me for an instant in silence before he answered.

'"Would you do as much for me, Miss, I'd be glad to know?"

'This was rather a poser, so I said, rather taken aback, "That has nothing to do with the matter, Mr. Herdman. I don't require to be an abstainer."

'"Oh, very well," said he, turning on his heel, "that's just what I expected. You good people are all alike; you're ready enough to preach, but when it comes to giving up anything, you're not any fonder of that than the rest of us." and he walked off.

'I tell you, children, I felt ashamed of myself. I ran after him and stopped him.

'"Mr. Herdman," I cried, "I will if you will."'

'"Well," he said, stopping short, "I never! And will walk along o' me in the procession on Saturday?"

'It was more than I had bargained for, Jessie, for, as you say, I had never dreamed of marching through the streets behind a brass band; but I was not going to give in now, so I said, "Yes, if you like, Mr. Herdman."

'"Then I'm your man, Miss," he declared. "You stick to your word and I'll keep mine. If you don't, neither do I."

'"That's a bargain," said I.

'It was a bargain. Herdman and I both went to the Temperance Hall that night heard the address, and signed the pledge At first I was afraid of being seen in such a meeting; but I soon lost the idea, and next Saturday I walked in the procession without feeling a bit of shame, for I knew I was doing right. And both Herdman and I have been abstainers since.'

'But how did it make you happy afterwards?' asked Jessie, curiously.

Aunt Maude blushed, but Uncle Will looked up from his book and said.

'Because someone thought such a brick of a girl was just the sort of a wife he wanted Jessie.'

Raiph Telford's Revenge.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

(By Elliot Fenton, in the 'Christian Leader.')

'Let me off this once, just this once, sir. I've never bin with they poachers afore, and I promise on honor I'll never go agin, if you'll only forgive me. My old mother 'ud never hold her head up agin if I went to prison.'

'It's a pity you did not think of your mother before you joined the poachers, Telford. I do not think that sufficient reason for "letting you off," as you call it, but—what say you, Arthur?' turning to a tall, handsome young man, in the uniform of the Guards, who had just sauntered into the pleasant morning room. 'Shall I let him off?'

Lieutenant Carrington surveyed the sturdy young laborer, looking imploringly, at him, with a careless, not to say contemptuous, scrutiny.

'Send him to jail, it will teach him a lesson. Cure him of associating with bad characters.'

'He promises not to go with them again, Colonel Carrington remarked doubtfully.

'Till next time, I suppose. Be advised of me, father, leniency never answers with these fellows.'

'No doubt you know best, Arthur, but I feel sorry for his poor old mother.'

'Oh, very possibly she has encouraged him.'

Here the offender broke in fiercely—

'Beggin' your pardon, sir, she never know'd nowt about it. She'd be fair broken-hearted like if she did, bein' always so respectable.'

'She should have brought up her son to be the same, then. Poaching has come to such a pass here, father, that unless you make an example of one or two, you will have no game at all. And when it comes to firing point blank at the keepers, it becomes serious.'

'Ah! true. Now, Telford, tell us who fired that shot. It will materially alter your share in the matter.'

But rough, ignorant laborer though he was, Ralph Telford had somewhat beneath his rugged exterior a latent sense of honor.

'Beggin' pardon, but I ain't a-goin' to

do that, sir. It wasn't me, that's all I can tell you about it.'

'Then you must take the consequences as an accomplice,' Colonel Carrington said. 'I am sorry, Telford, that a young man should place himself in so serious a position. Yes, officer, I shall prosecute, you may remove him.'

And Ralph Telford, with an evil scowl at Arthur Carrington, was removed in custody.

The careless, and not altogether accurately given evidence of the young officer at his trial, helped to convict him, and he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. When he came out of prison his mother was dead. She had died, as he himself had foretold she would, broken-hearted. His former friends turned the cold shoulder to him. Colonel Carrington, at the instigation of his idolized son, refused to take him back into his employment. Cold, hungry and miserable, Ralph sat in his desolate, empty cottage, laying dark and deadly plans against Arthur Carrington.

The day after his release he met him riding through one of the village lanes. The young lieutenant pulled up, surveying the other from head to feet with contemptuous amusement.

'Prison life does not exactly suit you, does it, Telford? What are you going to do now? Join your old friends, the poachers? Your mother will not mind now, you know.'

For a moment a fierce temptation to pull the cruel jester from his horse and make him literally 'bite the dust,' seized upon Ralph Telford. He could easily have done it, for he was by far the bigger and stronger man of the two, but something held him back. Instead, he drew himself up and looking straight at the handsome mocking face, said with a certain quiet dignity—

'Thanks to you, I don't know what I'm a-goin' to do for a livin', sir, but I've made up my mind to one thing, sooner or later I'll have my revenge for the harm you have done me.'

Arthur Carrington looked down at the resolute face, then without a word he turned his horse's head and rode away.

Slowly and heavily Ralph retraced his steps to the desolate spot which would never again be 'home' to him.

'I guess I'll 'list, it's the only thing left to do. Aye,' and a vindictive light flashed into his dull eyes, 'I'll get into his reg'ment, too, then I'll find a chance to keep my word.'

The next day he gathered his few possessions together and took his last farewell of the village in which he had spent all his life.

* * * * *

The battle of Elandslaagte had lasted until darkness fell; indeed, the victors were still in full pursuit of the foe when Captain Arthur Carrington recovered from a long swoon, and became hazily aware that he was in a very unenviable position. Alone in the wide open veldt, in the fast falling darkness, already drenched through with a cold, heavy rain, and with a dull, deadly pain in his right side to which his uniform seemed glued. An abortive effort to sit up showed him that he was weak and helpless as an infant.

'Ah, me! I believe I have lost all the blood in my body. This is a pretty plight to be in. I wonder what the pater and mater would say if they could see me.'

Brave man though he was, a few tears rolled down his face in his weakness and solitude, as he recalled the dear, luxurious home he might never see again. But they were spedily dashed impatiently away.

'It will matter precious little what they say of me if I am to die here ox-fashion,' he murmured dolefully. In the distance the troops were returning from the pursuit, and he tried to call for help, but they were far off, and his voice weak and low.

'The fight must have taken a different direction after I fell,' he thought, noting that there were no wounded or dead within sight. 'And if they have reason to think I was taken prisoner they will not search here.'

A feeling of desperation took possession of him. A resolute attempt to sit up was successful, but a rush of blood from his side, and a sensation of deadly faintness followed.

As he sank back, striving to staunch the bleeding, the welcome sound of a footstep reached his ear; his feeble call for help was at once answered. A minute later a tall figure knelt beside him, and looking up he met the eyes of Ralph Telford.

'You of all men!' he exclaimed, with a groan. 'The very last one I wished to see. Well, you can have your revenge now, Telford, I am entirely at your mercy, and so miserable that I'm not sure I shall not thank you to put a bullet through me. . . . . For heaven's sake don't look at me in that way, man; it makes my flesh creep.'

Still silent, Ralph removed his eyes from the young officer's face and lifted his hand and handkerchief from the wounded side.

'Not that way,' Arthur cried, thinking he knew his intention and struggling feebly in resistance.

'I will not bleed to death. If you mean to kill me, do it quickly.'

Then the man spoke with a pained gentleness that amazed him.

'You can't think I would hurt you, captain; I'm only going to see what I can do for your side. Ah, I know!' he turned aside a moment and Arthur heard something being cut or torn; then Ralph knelt down again to unfasten his clothes, and a thick pad of something warm and dry was laid on the aching side, giving an indescribable relief.

'There, you won't take cold now, I hope; but, oh dear, your clothes are just soaked.'

'Pray don't tell me what I am only too conscious of, and don't try to move me or I think I shall die outright.'

'I'd try to carry you to the camp, sir, but it's so dark I'm afraid I shouldn't find it. We must just stay here until they find us.'

'You could have caught the others up if you had not stayed to help me,' Arthur said.

'Perhaps so, but that doesn't matter, I am thankful I heard you call, sir.'

'Telford, what do you mean by treating me in this way? I behaved like a cad to you; I have been ashamed enough of it since, but I was never manly enough to tell you so. Is this your idea of revenge?'

'Bless you, sir, I haven't given a thought to revenge since—but maybe you won't care to hear about it?'

'Yes, indeed. Anything to while the time Sit close by me, and hold my hand, Telford. I shall not forget what you have done for me to-night.'

'And been thankful to do, sir. It's an answer to prayer.'

'A what?'

'An answer to prayer; but that's a part of my story, so I'll tell it straight through if it's all the same to you, sir. Soon after I enlisted we went down to Colchester you remember, for training. While we were there the Evangelization Society sent an evangelist down; he held services every evening, and all day on Sunday. Somebody induced me to go to the first. The grace and mercy of God met me there, and I saw myself as I was in God's sight, a sinner so great that it seemed to me if ever there was a man who deserved more than another to go to hell it was Ralph Telford. The evangelist asked that any who were troubled about their souls would stay and talk to him, and I stayed. To my surprise he seemed delighted when I told him how unhappy I was. He said it was the working of the Holy Spirit. I tried to make myself a bit better but that didn't work at all. At last one night I dropped down on my knees just before I started for the service. I was so desperate that I didn't stop to think what I ought to say—and I just said:—

"'Oh, Lord Jesus, I can't do anything to save myself, but the Bible says you can, that you have died to save sinners, just like me. If I haven't come to you in the right way, forgive me, but I am so miserable with this load of sin, I just want to be saved right away."'

'I should call that a very irreverent way of addressing the Almighty,' Arthur said at this point, his voice dragging off into a faint murmur, but Telford knew.

'Perhaps it was, sir, but you know he never said we were to be very polite and particular about our way of speaking to him. He loves to have sinners coming to him too well to care how they come. I was late getting to the hall, and when I went in the preacher was just reading his text, and what do you think it was, sir?' 'I, even I, have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud, and will no more remember thy sins." If ever I was sure of anything, it was that Jesus Christ spoke those words straight to me. My load of sin was gone directly, and from that day to this I have never felt it again.'

'And how came you to alter your feeling about me?' Arthur asked, almost forgetting his wound.

'Why, it was the most natural thing in the world, sir. You remember you were away just then, and I had almost forgotten you, but one day somebody said, "Captain Carrington is coming back," and I thought, "that is the man who has done me so much harm," and I remembered the bitter hate I used to feel, but now it was all gone without my knowing it. It was one of the sins my Saviour had blotted out. Still I didn't want to have nothing to do with you, as if I had had to choose the man I would like to do-something for, it would not have been you.'

Arthur could well believe it. Pain and faintness almost overcame him. He heard a voice saying something.

Ralph with Love and Mercy seemed to be kneeling in the solemn darkness and pouring out his whole heart in earnest petition.

'Do you think he would mind saving me?' Arthur asked, 'Wonder if I'm worth it—eh?'

'I don't think anything about it, sir; I know he will. For one thing he says he will, and then, too, we always do what we love, sir, if we can, don't we? and he loves to save.'

The rain had ceased, but a bitterly cold wind blew over the veldt, making the men shiver in their soaked uniforms.

'If help does not ocme soon I think the cold will kill me,' Arthur said faintly. And Ralph felt that his hands were like ice. 'What are you doing? I won't have it, I tell you. Put on your coat, Ralph, you will take your death of cold.'

'No, I shan't, sir, please let it be. Remember if you take cold in your wound you will die, and what will your parents do without you?'

Arthur said no more; the intense cold robbed him of his powers of resistance, and he was fast drifting into unconsciousness. He was dimly aware that Ralph had lain down beside him and was holding him in his arms as if trying to impart the warmth of his own body to him. Somewhere far away a voice was softly singing:—

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

At daybreak the Red Cross search party found them. The unconscious head of Arthur Carrington rested upon Ralph Telford's breast, and an unmistakable smile parted the lips of the ex-poacher.

'He is living, and, thanks to this brave fellow, not in a serious condition,' the doctor said, as he hastily examined the young officer. 'But the private is dead; cold and exposure taking a fatal effect upon a weak heart. He must have known to what he was exposing himself by taking his coat and shirt off. He has given his life for his captain.'

And that was his revenge.

The Sea of Galilee.

(By the Editor, in 'Onward.')

Clear silver water in a cup of gold
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,
It shines—His lake—the Sea of Chinnereth—
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet,
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!
Oh, little, silver, happy sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!

Fair is the scene still, tho' the grace is gone,
Of those great times, when nine white cities dipped
Their walls into its brink, and steel-shod keels
Of Roman galleys ground its sparkling sands;
And Herod's painted pinnacles ablaze
With lamps and brazen shields and spangled slaves
Came and went lordly at Tiberias.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless things—
The mountains, and the waters, and the sky—
These, He saw them, have their glory yet
At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon
Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold!
And ofttimes, in the Syrian spring, steals back
Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts
Where Christ's feet trod.

A Brief Record.

(By A. D.)

Come on, you fellows, you are wasting the whole afternoon. It's past three already, and you know how soon it gets dark now.'

Will Blunt took off his flannel blazer as he spoke and flung it impatiently into the bottom of the boat rocking gently on the river beneath him.

'We're waiting for Dennis,' called back one of the two loungers by the boat house, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

'Dennis? who asked him to come?'

'I did,' said Graham, 'at least that is to say, he asked himself.'

'We didn't want him,' said Blunt, quietly, but with emphasis.

'Oh, I say, let bygones be bygones,' rejoined Graham, 'he's a very good fellow, take him all round. Anyhow, here he comes, so keep your hair on, old chap.'

Dennis came swinging around the corner of the quay in no great hurry, apparently. He was a tall, rather heavily-made lad, with a good-humored but obstinate face, and an air of taking life easily. Blunt was already seated in the boat, swaying her gently from side to side, with his straw hat pulled down over his eyes.

'Phew! how jolly hot it is!' cried Dennis, plumping heavily into the stern seat and lifting the tiller ropes. 'Now then, pull her round and off we go; steady, there, Leigh, you pull like a horse, we don't want to go down stream if you do.'

'It will be cooler up the river,' said Graham, who was pulling stroke, 'this part is always the very blazes.'

The September sun shone hotly down from a cloudless sky, and scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the current flowing slowly up stream with the incoming tide. The noisy clamor of shipyard and wharf was hushed to a Saturday afternoon stillness; the workshops and quays were almost deserted, and stretched on either side, silent in the sunshine. The little river steamers plied their busy way, their decks crowded with holiday-makers; a long snake-like string of barges drifted slowly under the towering beam of a newly-launched battleship, from whose high deck echoed a sailor's tuneful whistle, as the little pleasure-boat plashed lightly past.

Leigh rested on his oars for a minute to look at the vessel.

'She's a beauty,' he said, 'one of the best ships ever turned out from this yard. Look at her armor plating, there's strength for you! and that ram of hers ready to be up and at it.'

'Wait till she gets her teeth fitted, my boy,' laughed Graham, 'I'll warrant she'll know how to show 'em.'

'Small mercy you'd get from her,' said Will, 'in time of trouble,' his eye travelling from stem to stern of the steel-plated monster as they slipped by.

A mile beyond were the green fields and wooded banks of the country, smiling under a blue heaven. A sudden rectangular bend, and in the broad shining reach across which flashed the westering sun in the leafy hedgerows and distant purpling hills, it was easy to forget toil and traffic.

Will Blunt shipped his oars and lay back in the bow of the boat, his face upturned to the sky. A face that gave one pleasure to look upon; the eyes clear and true, the mouth bent in happy curves, the brow broad and open under thick brown hair. His whole attitude and expression bespoke enjoyment. Perhaps that was what attracted people so to this lad; that faculty of enjoyment which he displayed under most circumstances. Not the mere careless mirth of youth and perfect health, but something more—the power of extracting all the sweetness out of the flowers of his life as he dipped into them, and even of finding honey in the weeds.

He was known as the cleverest student at the S—— College of Medicine—first in all his classes, most attentive at lectures or demonstration; distinguished by more than one mark of honor; for whom the professors and all his friends predicted a brilliant career, the career of a man whose talents and whose desires follow the same straight path to the goal.

Now, as he lay there idly dreaming, there was no room for anything but happiness in his world, and the particular happiness of doing nothing.

'A penny for your thoughts, Will,' cried Leigh, looking over his shoulder.

'Not worth it,' said Will.

'A treatise on the effect of the sun on the optic nerve,' laughed Dennis.

'On the contrary,' retorted Blunt, 'I was miles away from the old bone shop.'

'Leaving us to toil after you at the oars,' said Graham. 'Great Scott, how hot it is, and how dry I am!' He wiped his forehead and pushed back his hat from it.

'No hurry,' said Leigh, 'we've got the whole afternoon and evening, too, for that matter.'

'I wish we had brought something to drink,' said Dennis, 'why didn't you fellows think of it?'

'You might have looked after the refreshments yourself when you kept us waiting so long,' retorted Graham.

'Whiskey and soda wouldn't be bad now; don't I wish I had it!'

'What's that?' asked Blunt, sitting up suddenly.

'Whiskey and soda,' answered Dennis, with a wink at Graham. 'Have some? Oh no, I forgot, I beg your pardon, you don't drink. Wish you'd wear a blue ribbon to keep me in mind of that little fact. Might save me putting my foot in it so often, quite unintentionally, I assure you.'

'Shut up, Den,' said Leigh, 'what's the good of beginning that sort of thing now?'

Blunt seized his sculls and began again to row vigorously, and Leigh and Graham, catching his spirit, sent the boat swiftly and smoothly through the gleaming water.

In due time they reached their destination, a picturesque riverside inn, 'The Jolly Anglers,' from which a little landing stage ran out into the stream—half a dozen planks—no more. Will was the first to spring out and make the painter fast to the mooring post. Then he stretched his cramped limbs with a yawn, and a shout that brought the landlord to the porch.

'Good afternoon, young gentlemen; nice day for the river, sir?'

'Splendid,' said Will.

'Will you please to want anything, sir?'

'We want everything, Mr. Pitcher.'

Mr. Pitcher smiled. 'Yes, sir, and that might be?'

'Oh, just the usual. Cold pie, if you've got it, and watercresses, and tea, and some of Mrs. Pitcher's cake; just what we always have, and plenty of it; we're not strangers, you know.'

'No, sir, I'm proud to say you're not, leastways not all of you,' with a glance at Dennis. 'It shall be ready directly, sir, and

will you all please to step inside; there is no party in the parlor this afternoon.'

'I say, my man,' shouted Dennis, 'is there nothing else you can give us? I'm a jolly sight too thirsty to care about tea and all the rest of it,' with mocking emphasis. 'You are licensed, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir, certainly, what will you please to order, sir? bottled beer, or champagne cider, both nice on a warm afternoon, sir.'

'All right, bring half a dozen bottles of beer,' and with a glance at Will, Dennis flung himself into an easy chair.

Will rose to the challenge in his impulsive way.

'Oh, drop the beer, can't you!' he burst out.

'No, I can't,' replied the other, insolently. 'Stick to your teetotal slops if you like, but Leigh and Graham will join me, I know.'

'I'm rather on for the beer myself,' assented Graham, with a yawn. 'More cooling.'

'You know, Graham,' retorted Will, hotly, 'that there's a great deal too much of that sort of thing going on among us.'

'Oh, shut up, do,' said Dennis. 'It's far too hot to argue—or to jaw,' he added. 'Please yourself, and let's be happy. Besides, the subject's threadbare; as worn out as old Ray on tuberculosis; as worn out as I shall soon be if I don't get a drink.'

Graham laughed. 'It's all right, Blunt, he said. 'I'll see that he doesn't get too much.'

Will went out on to the little landing stage again, and leaned his back against the shady wall of the house.

A cloud was on his brow. This old quarrel; it always cropped up when Dennis was one of the party.

'I wish to goodness I had known he was coming!' thought Will. Not one of his friends knew it, but he had given up drinking beer himself simply because on one or two occasions of this kind Dennis had taken too much.

He had not mentioned this even to his mother, but it had grown into a strong resolution.

Leigh came out and joined him presently.

'Don't make a bear of yourself, Will,' he said. 'You are spoiling all the fun.'

'You think so,' replied Will. 'I should have said Dennis was spoiling the fun myself.' But he followed Leigh back into the parlor.

. . . . . .

The sun had set more than half an hour ago, and gray evening had extinguished its last flame in the western sky, when Will unmoored the boat for the homeward journey. Leigh stood beside him.

'Don't let him have the tiller,' said Will, in a low voice, 'he'll run us ashore, or upset us if you do, he's only half sober, if that.' A look of deep disgust was on his face.

'I'm not easy about taking him with us at all,' said Leigh.

'No help for that, but any way let's be off,' said Will. 'I'm sick of this. It is the last time I'll ever go with Dennis, I promise you; low brute!'

Graham and Dennis were the only two of the returning party who were gay. Will was silent, rowing steadily, and Leigh, who steered, said little. From time to time Dennis raised a song and called on his companions to join in the chorus, but only one voice was raised in reply, and his own generally broke down in an unsteady quaver. Graham, who always went with Dennis, kept turning angrily on the others, but he got no response. Swiftly and rhythmically plashed the oars; the banks glided behind them, the air grew damp with falling due, and twilight settled deeper on field and stream. The river grew indistinct before them, and the cattle in the pastures were shapeless shadows. A film of cloud slowly overspread the sky, blotting out inch by inch its clearness.

'We shall have a wet night,' said Leigh.

Will bent to his oars, anxious to be at their destination. At the turn of the river the lights of the town came into view, with long, bleared reflections in the misty river, and presently building and shipping began to loom dark on either hand. The ghostly arms of machinery and scaffolding stood out black in the thickening night; red and green lights hung here and there among the craft huddled by the wharves, and a hundred yards down stream the hull of the great 'Nemesis' rose, like an impenetrable wall.

Dennis had grown silent at last. The spell of night seemd to have fallen on him as on his companions. For ten minutes no word was said. The boat piloted her way slowly through the increasing river traffic, feeling her course carefully in the growing darkness.

They were nearing home now. With a turn of his head Will could distinguish the twin yellow lights that marked the boat station. Eight o'clock; the great church bell boomed out the strokes solemnly over the water. They were passing the battleship; she had swung round with the ebbing tide, and lay starboard to them.

Suddenly Dennis started to his feet as though he had waked out of sleep. He laid a rough hand on Graham's wrist.

'Wake up,' he cried, 'wake up, I say, you lazy beggar, I want to get on.'

'Steady, there,' said Graham, shaking him off, 'sit down, can't you; we don't want any larks in this boat to send us all to the bottom.'

Dennis only laughed foolishly, and flung himself upon Graham again.

'Give me the oars,' he shouted, 'I'll let you see how to row, lazy beggars all of you.'

Leigh seized him forcibly to drag him down again, but Dennis, only half conscious of his own actions, made another wild lunge at the oars.

'For heaven's sake sit down, Dennis, or you'll upset us,' cried Graham, and Leigh, dropping the tiller ropes, caught hold of Dennis by the wrists.

There was a fierce struggle, the boat rocking and swaying beneath their feet, a heavy fall, a sudden lurch, and then a cry, as the gunwale went under and the water rushed in.

'God help us, he's done it!' cried Leigh. 'Stick to the oars, Will, it's a chance.'

Will sent a ringing cry for help through the enveloping darkness, again and again. Then he felt himself swallowed up in the black river. He remembered as he went down that Leigh and Graham could swim, but he and Dennis must drown. He wondered if Dennis remembered it, too. What had become of the boat, had she gone to the bottom? Why were his cries for help not heard and answered? Was that an answering call, or only the singing in his brain as the water engulphed him?

As he rose to the surface blinded and gasping, his head struck against something. It was the great chain cable of the 'Nemesis.' He threw up his hands desperately to grasp at it and his sharpened senses caught eagerly at the distant shouts upon the wharf.

Help was coming then; haste, haste, for God's sake haste, or it were too late.

But the pitiless current bore him on.

Too late? Yes, even now it was too late.

One prayer—one vivid memory of home—one last hope—then, darkness.

. . . . . .

Dennis, Graham, and Leigh were all rescued.

Some boatmen found Will Blunt's body in the early dawn, washed up on the river strand.

The old, old story of the innocent for the guilty; old as the story of sin.

Write this name also, oh, Recording Angel, on thy roll of martyrs.

A Boy's Story.

To every boy David Livingstone is a hero, and now when we are having our attention called to Africa we are able to gain some idea of what a bold, brave man he was in entering that country when it was a great trackless forest and jungle, untrodden by the foot of white men.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland in 1813, and before he was ten years old had gathered specimens of flowers and shells of the entire region in which he lived, early showing his wonderful powers of observation.

At this age he had gained a prize for repeating the 119th Psalm, he tells us, with only 'five hitches.' While noted for his strength and courage he was still a tender-hearted boy, very watchful of his mother, and we are told when a boy did all in his power to lighten her household labor, even going so far as to scrub the floor for her on condition that she would bar the door. It is said that this last weakness he never displayed as a man, but did anything and everything fearlessly and independent of criticism. He was the leader among the boys of his own neighborhood, climbing higher than any other boy. It is told that he climbed to the highest point of Bothwell castle and carved his name there. When ten years old he entered the cotton mills as a piecer, and with the money earned bought books, with his first week's wages he bought an elementary book on Latin and studied it until he had mastered the language. He began work at six o'clock in the morning and worked till eight o'clock at night, studying from the time he had his tea till ten o'clock, with a school-master provided by the owners of the mill. That he must have worked faithfully we know, for at sixteen he read Horace and Virgil. At this time he developed his interest in physiology and chemistry, and still had time to collect the flora of the entire region.

Mr. Livingstone tells us himself how he read while in the factory: 'My reading in the factory was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work, and thus kept a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of machinery, and to this I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind so as to read and write perfectly amidst the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages.'

While devoted to his studies he was very popular among his comrades for his fun as well as for his physical power. He was full

of healthy mischief, so we must not think that he was what is commonly known as a goody-goody boy. At nineteen years of age he became a spinner, when increased pay enabled him to stop work for one year that he might attend medical and Greek and divinity lectures at Glasgow University. In after life he said: 'I cannot but feel thankful that hard work formed such a part of my early education, that were I to begin life over again I should like to pass through the same hardy training.'

David Livingstone was a hero before he went to Africa, but he was the kind of hero that any boy can make. Every boy who makes the best use of every oportunity of the power given him, and works out in his manhood his highest capacities, whether to do or to suffer, is a hero. A man is great, not by what he does, but by what he overcomes, and the greatness of David Livingstone is in the mastery of every obstacle that stood between him and whatever he believed to be his life work.

He sometimes became discouraged when the people in Africa seemed so unresponsive to his teaching. But when he was dead, so great had been his example, that those ignorant slaves carried his body and his property from the depths of an African jungle, through trackless forests, through hostile tribes, back to Zanzibar, and from there to Westminster Abbey in London.—'The Young Idea.'

Rabboni.

I had walked life's path with an easy tread;
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led,
And then, it chanced, in a quiet place
I met my Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for the body, but none for the soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race
When I met my Master face to face.

I had built my castles and reared them high;
With their towers had pierced the blue of the sky;
I had sworn to rule with iron mace
When I met my Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him, and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me,
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished, and, in their place,
I saw naught else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud, 'Oh, make me meet
To follow the marks of Thy tired feet!'

My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since, alone, in that holy place,
My Master and I stood face to face.
—'Church Union.'

Our Book Corner.

'The Work of the Holy Spirit.' (By Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D., M.P. Translated by the Rev. Henri de Vries; 703 pages. Price, $3.00. Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York and London.) From this valuable book we quote the following:—

'Love suffers because the spirit of the world antagonizes the Spirit of God. The former is unholy, the latter is holy, not in the sense of mere opposition to the world's spirit, but because he is the absolute Author of all holiness, being God himself. Hence the conflict. There is no point along the whole line of the world's life which does not antagonize the Holy Spirit, whenever he touches it. Whenever we are tempted by the world and inwardly animated by the Holy Spirit there is a clash in the conscience. As soon as one member breathes a worldly spirit and another testifies against it in the Spirit of holiness, there is trouble and strife in the family. When in state, school, church, or society, a worldly tendency appears and a current from the divine Spirit, there is trouble and strife in one or all. These two oppose each other and cannot be reconciled. Compromise is impossible. Either one, the worldly spirit, at last closes our hearts against the Holy Spirit, and then we are lost; or after long conflict the Holy Spirit vanquishes the world's spirit; then the prince of this world finds nothing in us, and our names are written in the gate of the New Jerusalem.'

FROM THE SAME PUBLISHERS.

Amongst other well-written articles of world-wide interest in the December number of the 'Missionary Review of the World,' the 'Story of Banza Manteke,' as told by the Rev. Henry Richards, of the Congo, holds an important place in the annals of pioneer missions.

'One day, when I had finished, the man who had helped me in the translation, got up and spoke to the people for the first time. He said: "Now this white man has been here for a long time, and the words he has spoken are true words, and yet you do not believe." "You are a strange man," I thought; "you do not believe yourself." Previous to this, when the man was helping me with the translation, he would sometimes say, "I believe," but I saw no change in his life. I would say, "No, Lutete; a Christian means one who lives a Christian life; and you keep your fetishes and charms, and go on with your ways the same as ever." But this day, as we were going through the wood he began to sing one of our hymns. I turned around, and we met each other face to face; and he said to me, "I do believe those words, I do believe Jesus has forgiven my sins. I believe he has given me life, and I am so joyful here," pointing to his heart. I could see from the man's countenance that he was a saved man. I said, "Give me your hand, Lutete." I gave him the name of Barnaba (Barnabas), for he was a "Son of Consolation" to me. That man was the first convert after seven years of work. He went to his town, and told his people that he was a Christian; but his wife, and children, and his people, all turned against him and the men bound themselves together to poison him; and so he had to leave his town, and put up a little house outside the mission station. He went with me to the towns and told the people what the Lord had done for him.'

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

No man is right with himself until he has asked it, and had it satisfactorily answered. Salvation is man's greatest concern, his most pressing need. His chief enquiry ought not to be, 'How may I become rich? How may I rise in the world? How may I become famous?' but, 'How may I be saved?'

Consider what this question implies. 1. It implies that man is lost; not only that he is in danger of being lost, but that he is lost. The strayed sheep is a lost sheep; the prodigal son is a lost son. Men are lost to God as well as to themselves. The mission of Christ to earth is the recovery of the lost; 'the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.' The sweep of His work is as wide as humanity. Within every man there is something from which he needs to be saved. He needs to be saved from sin, from its condemnation and power. Unless deliverance comes to him he will be forever lost.

2. It implies that he is conscious of his lost condition. Otherwise he would not ask how he might be saved. The old Puritan divines were wont to speak of 'sensible sinners,' meaning by that expression sinners who are sensible of their situation, and who have some concern about their salvation.

(From 'Bible Questions, a series of studies arranged for every week in the year by James M. Campbell. Funk and Wagnalls.)

REVIVAL LECTURES BY DR. BANKS.

'I turn to you as God's messenger, and say to every man and woman here who is neglecting salvation, and refusing to give God open service, "Thou art the man." You are tenants at will—at the will of God in this human life. Every day of your life is God's gift. You could not prolong your life a single hour but for God's sleepless care and watchfulness. Your health, your strength, your knowledge, the power to think and act, your intelligence, which opens windows of communications into the world about, your power to enjoy all these things, are God's generous gifts to you every day. And he has the power to withdraw from you any moment and leave you beggared and bankrupt and in despair. And yet, while this is the case, you are using your lives in a way which you know does not please God. You are directly sinning against him day by day. You are living in a way that is deteriorating your noblest attributes. You are refusing to accept the gracious influences which he offers that would beautify and make nobler your character. And you are thus displeasing the God in whose hand your breath is, and upon whom you depend for every moment's existence. Why not this night be as honest as David was, and frankly say, "I have sinned against the Lord," and turn to him as David did, and find forgiveness.'

(From 'David And His Friends,' 356 pages, price $1.00.)

'A little word of temptation, tempting another to do what his conscience rebukes him for, is like the Roman soldier's torch flung into the holiest of all, which burned the sacred temple to the ground in the days of Titus—it burns down the whole temple of a fair young life.'

(From 'A Year's Prayer-Meeting Talks,' by the Rev. Louis A. Banks, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls, New York and London. Price, $1.00.)

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Dec. 16, Sun.—The Lord God Almighty and the lamb are the temples of it.

Dec. 17, Mon.—The Lamb is the light thereof.

Dec. 18, Tues.—Them which are saved shall walk in the light.

Dec. 19, Wed.—There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.

Dec. 20, Thurs.—There shall be no more curse.

Dec. 21, Fri.—There shall be no night there.

Dec. 22, Sat.—Blessed is he that keepeth the saying of this prophecy.

The Truants.

There were several children on the farm and in the morning they had some studies, a little school life which made them enjoy play the better when playtime came.

One bright morning, when the sunshine and dew made nature gleam and sparkle as if for very joy, Lulu, a girl of twelve, proposed to Larry, a boy of near the same age, that they stay out of school and enjoy a holiday.

'We won't be let,' answered Larry, wistfully, as he gazed over at the green shady pasture lot and the placid river just beyond it.

'But can't we hide at school time and have a morning full of fun instead of a morning full of study?' cried Lulu, persuasively.

Larry's face was full of longing and yet troubled. How he did want to spend that lovely morning out of doors! that dewy sunny morning, but he knew it was wrong. 'I would like it,' he said, 'but it would be bad, wouldn't it?'

'Pooh; Larry, you are a boy of no pluck,' returned Lulu, 'it wouldn't be wrong at all, only funny.' And the girl's voice was full of vehement expression.

Larry's desires and his companion's persuadings prevailed over the clamoring of his conscience, and at length he hesitatingly said, 'Well, I'll do it if possible.'

'It's possible enough, we'll just hide in the hay-mow till Uncle Henry and the boy, Israel, go down in the lot to work and then we'll come out and have fun,' exclaimed the daring Lulu.

The two managed to secrete themselves in the mow, but the plan did not further itself according to their desires. The school bell rang at nine, and just before that time Mr. Henry came out to the barn and bade Israel bring out the carryall and give it a greasing. The truants heard this order with dismay, for they knew that the work would be done in front of the barn, and so they would be kept in hiding until it was finished. Nearly an hour passed by and the children grew weary with waiting; but at length they rejoiced to hear Israel say, 'Well, that job is done.'

Now they could soon come down they were sure.

DRAWING LESSON.

But, alas, before the tools were put away, Mr. Henry again appeared and said to the chore boy, 'Israel, I intend to go to town after dinner, and as it is warm, I will spend the morning cleaning and oiling the best harness. Bring me the harness, then run down to the kitchen for a chair, and I'll sit right here in the great barn door to work.'

'Now, what can we do?' whisperd Larry, 'this stuffy old hay-mow, I can scarcely bear it here!'

'I can't bear it either, it's horrid mean to be fixed this way! I'd rather be in the schoolroom!' and by a strong effort Lulu suppressed a cough that might have betrayed them. In a moment she added: 'Do be patient, Larry; I hope Uncle Harry will soon be through with the harness!'

Larry, with a reproachful look at his companion, said, 'I didn't want to do this, Lulu, and I knew it would be better to go to school.'

'You always blame me, Larry, but what can we do? I won't stay here! This horrid old hay is choking me!'

'You'll have to stay here or let Mr. Henry know of our badness,' returned the irritated and perplexed boy.

'I planned for us to have a nice time, and see what it has come to! But I'm not to blame, for I didn't know it would turn out so badly,' and Lulu assumed a martyr-like attitude that was very provoking to Larry.

'I hope you will not plan another such time!' he cried. 'Your uncle will not be done that job till noon, and we might as well see letters, tell stories, or do something to amuse ourselves.'

'Do keep cool, Larry!' retorted the mischiefmaker.

'Oh, yes, it's easy to say, "keep cool," but how am I to do it? Here I am covered with sweat and with hay seed and nearly choked; keep cool, eh? h'm!' And Larry's tone was fiery, indeed.

'Just as if you couldn't bear a little discomfort for the sake of a holiday? I'll never plan anything for you again.' And now Lulu was indignant.

'I hope you won't, Lulu. Such planning!'

But now the two in desperate case drew near together and began a whispered game, just to while away the weary time. They did not enjoy it, but it was better than sitting silent or quarrelling.

A half hour passed, and then to their dismay they heard Mr. Henry say to Israel: 'Here, boy, go up to the haymow and bring me that new bottle of lamp black. You told me you left it up there in one of the ledges, did you not?'

'Yes, sir!' and Israel commenced the ascent of the ladder.

The truants exchanged frightened glances. Larry whispered, 'Here's a fix!' and motioned to Lulu to lie down as quickly as possible. The girl was not slow to obey, and she was at once covered with hay, but before Larry could conceal himself, Israel had reached the mow, and was gazing with astonishment at the guilty boy.

'What in wonder!' cried the farm lad. 'Why, Larry, what are you doing here? We thought you were in school!'

'It's not—very—very—late, is it?' stammered the culprit, his face as red as scarlet, both from heat of the place and from shame.

'Late! I should think it was! What are you hiding here for, eh?'

At this juncture Lulu was obliged to cough, which led to her discovery.

'Moses!' cried Israel, as he uncovered her from the hay. 'Another one!' he added. 'Come up here after lamp black, but found something better! Never did see such red faces in my life!' and the great boy was delighted at the discomfiture of the children.

The two uncomfortable, guilty-feeling youngsters begged Israel not to tell of them, but he stoutly said he should tell as soon as he went down, so there was nothing for the pair to do but to descend to the floor and be confronted by Mr. Henry. Down they went and with shame of face admitted their fault and were taken by Mr. Henry to the school room. The good governess was bidden to have them study some extra lessons, and they were deprived of the usual afternoon ride. Besides this they were openly disgraced before the family.

Thus 'the way of transgressors was hard.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Lesson by Heart.

'Say, Dan, take me on?'

Jamie asked it in such a pleading voice that you could hardly think of any boy refusing, but Dan did. He was not a kind boy. Big, tall, strong, with the best sled in town and the best way of steering and pushing it, I wonder what he thought he was made for! Some boys, with so many good things to be glad about, would have thought they were meant to go shares with some of them. But this was not Dan's style. He thought his strength and health, and so forth, were all to enjoy himself with.

'Give the little fellow a chance,' said two or three at once, seeing Dan go selfishly off on the 'Rover' leaving his little crippled brother looking after him. Poor Jamie wouldn't have had many coasts down that splendid hill if it had depended on Dan, I'm afraid. The other boys were sorry, but they were having a good time, and besides some of them had their own brothers to look after.

'Mother,' said Jack Everett, looking out of the window as he tried (or thought he tried) to study his Sunday-school lesson, 'let me off half an hour, won't you, and I'll study twice as good when I come in. I want to do something out there—ought to be done—and right off this minute.'

'Why, you only just came in, Jack,' said his mother. 'And you said you wouldn't go out again till you had that lesson. I don't believe you know the Golden Text, to say nothing about the rest of it.'

'Well, I don't,' confessed Jack, laughing. 'But I tell you I will, mother. It's something about Samaria, and the reason the city was so glad about something. I'll learn it all by heart when I come in. I want to go first and give that little Jamie Stimson a ride on my new sled.'

'The lame boy?' said mother, looking out. 'Well, you may! Give him two or three—good ones.'

It's worth everything to have a mother that understands you. Jack couldn't have told her the thoughts that stirred in him and made him want to help somebody. The truth is, Jack's heart was like the city of Samaria. He had begun to believe Jesus and love him, and you know 'there was great joy in that city.' And love always finds something to do for somebody to show it's alive and growing. Mother nodded in a pleased way over her mending.

'I guess he will have that lesson by heart all the better for beginning with the practice end of it,' she said, looking out to see how happy Jamie looked tucked up on the sled in front of him.—'Little Pilgrim.'

If You're Good.

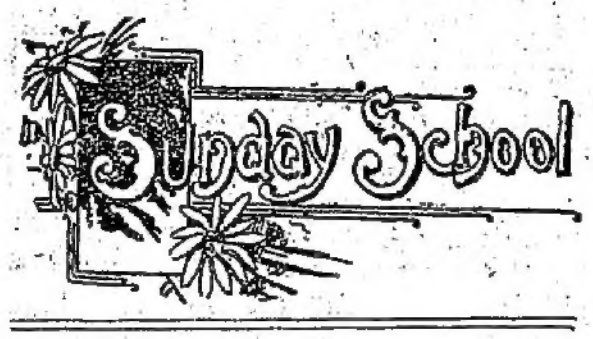
(James Courtney Challiss.)

Santa Claus 'll come to-night,
If you're good.
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;—
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good.
With a wind-up bird that sings
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny things—
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that 'go,'
If you're good.
And a rocking-horsey—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says 'Mama!' when you squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year
If you're good.



LESSON XII.—DEC. 23.

Parable of the Pounds.

Luke xix., 11-27. Memory verses 26-27.
Read Matt. xxv., 14-30.

Alternate Christmas Lesson.

Matt. ii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

'Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.'—Rom. xiv., 12.

Lesson Text.

(11) And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the Kingdom of God should immediately appear. (12) He said, therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. (13) And he called his ten servants, and delivered unto them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come. (14) But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us. (15) And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading. (16) Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds. (17) And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in very little, have thou authority over ten cities. (18) And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds. (19) And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities. (20) And another came, saying, Lord, behold there is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin: (21) For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow. (22) And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow: (23) Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury? (24) And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds. ((25) And they said unto him Lord, he hath ten pounds. (26.) 'For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him. (27) But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

Suggestions.

The pounds in this parable evidently represent some possession common to every Christian, in this the parable of the pounds differs from the parable of the talents in which the treasure is apportioned according to the various abilities of the servants. The common possession of all Christians, great or small, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, is the redemption from sin by the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Natural abilities and advantages count for nothing in this competition for the only rewards given are for faithfulness and loving zeal. Special opportunities and favorable surroundings count for nothing, for every life is filled with great and special opportunities for prayer, the less opportunity in other directions, the more opportunity for prayer. The ignorant child has as good a chance to gain the greatest reward for faithfulness as has the most learned professor.

'Last year, as a matter of experiment, I planted two kernels of corn. They were from the same cob, exactly alike in every respect, so far as I could see. One I planted in a deep, rich, well-pulverized soil, and the other in a poor, hard, clay soil. They both germinated and were ready for the development of cultivation. The one I planted in the rich soil I left to take care of itself, but that planted in the poor soil I took special pains with, fertilizing the soil, and removing every weed. When the harvest time came I found three finely formed ears of corn on that one stalk; while on the other I found a little puny stalk with one wee nibbin of corn upon it. Now, I see just such human plants every day. I see two boys "born equal," so far as mental strength is concerned. One may be planted in the rich soil of wealth, and the other in the barren soil of poverty. But the poor boy may fertilize his mind by education and cultivate it by study; and his life be made a shining success.' In the same way faithfulness in doing right, in serving God, in making the world better will win a sure and large success.—Quoted in the 'Golden Rule.'

A certain nobleman, literally, a man well born, one of high rank and noble blood. Went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom. The story of this parable seems to have been founded on facts familiar to his hearers, to whom the magnificent palace which Herod Archelaus had built in Jericho was a familiar sight. 'Two "nobles" —Herod the Great and his son Archelaus,— had actually gone from Jericho to a far country, even to Rome, for the express purpose of "receiving a kingdom" from the all-powerful Caesar.—Cambridge Bible. Archelaus, on the death of his father, Herod the Great, went to Rome, B.C. 3, to receive from Augustus the same royal dignity, and the Jews sent at the same time a deputation to the emperor, consisting of 500 Jews (according to Josephus), who were supported by 8,000 Roman Jews, asking Augustus to dethrone the cruel family of the Herodians. 'He received from the emperor only a part of his father's dominions, with the inferior title of Ethnarch, and on his return put to death those who opposed his pretensions.' It was this unexpected succession of Herod Archelaus that caused Joseph and Mary, on their return from Egypt with the infant Jesus, to turn away from Judea, and bring up Jesus in Nazareth (Matt. ii., 22).

The pound was the Attic mina, the Roman money then in use in Palestine, and was worth 100 drachmae or denarii (so often translated pence), or about $17.

The man of noble birth represents Christ himself, of royal blood and divine descent. He was the realization of the highest ideal of nobility, noble in character, in power, in deeds, in ability.

The far country represents heaven, and the state of glory with his Father, where Jesus went after his death and resurrection to remain unseen till the time of his appearing shall come.

The kingdom he was to receive is the Messianic kingdom of God, holding its benign sway over all the earth.

Christ is coming again to receive his kingdom and to judge the world (Matt. xxv., 31-46). But not only then, but oftentimes there comes a day of judgment to nations and to individuals. The destruction of Jerusalem was one of those times; so are Providential crises, the hour of revelation of crime long continued in secret, and the hour of death. Every one has to give a strict account of all that God has entrusted to him.—Peloubet's Notes, 1896.

Illustration.

A man was confined many years in a dungeon, where was but one aperture in the wall. Through that the sunbeams came a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine. A purpose to improve grew within his soul. Groping upon the floor of his cell he found a nail and a stone, and with these set to work on the white portion of the wall for a few minutes each day during which it was illuminated, until he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. In the 'little' situations, with the 'little' light, if we are but 'faithful' we can carve out of the rough places in our lives a likeness of our crucified Lord. And one day there will be a rich reward; the one pound shall have become ten.

Reward is promised for faithfulness not for success, to him who uses what he has for God's glory, not to him who does many things. 'If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not.' 2 Cor. viii., 12. God accepts the will for the deed, when there is not the ability to perform. In his sight, the value of service is in proportion to the amount of heart put into it. Our Lord said concerning the widow's mite: 'She hath cast in more than they all.'—A.C.M.

If we use what God gives us faithfully, it will increase, and we shall have more and more. If we study faithfully, our powers of mind increase; if we exercise rightly, our bodies grow stronger, etc. Boys that smoke cigarettes, or drink intoxicating drinks, trifle with their bodies, and lose the good gift of God, physical and mental strength.—'Practical Commentary.'

Questions.

How does the parable of the pounds differ from the parable of the talents?

Has every one the same chance of a reward for faithfulness?

Is each one of us accountable to God for the best use of what we have?

What did the Lord Jesus come to this world for?

Why did he go away?

Is he coming again?

Are you making the most of what he has given you?

C. E. Topic.

Dec. 23.—The glory of Christ. John. i., 1-14. (Christmas meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRIST'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Mon., Dec. 17.—First gifts to Jesus.—II. Cor. viii., 5.

Tues., Dec. 18.—Youth.—Prov. xxii., 6.

Wed., Dec. 19.—Love.—John xxi., 15.

Thurs, Dec. 20.—Life.—Col. iii., 23.

Fri., Dec. 21.—God's gift to you.—John iii., 16

Sat., Dec. 22.—'Give me thine heart.'—Ps. ii., 16, 17.

Sun., Dec. 23.—Topic.—What birthday gifts shall we bring to Christ? Matt. ii., 1-12. (A Christmas meeting.)

Teaching Helpful.

The statement of the Bible, 'There is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty,' applies to mental and moral as well as to pecuniary giving. It especially applies to the work of imparting religious instruction.

One benefit of teaching is the deepening of the sense of personal responsibility. There can be no reaching out of the soul after that which is truly excellent without a sense of personal responsibility. There can be no desire to measure up to the utmost extent of our capabilities without it. The teacher as he appears before his class Sabbath after Sabbath, if he is suitably impressed with the relation he sustains to every member of his class, can not help but feel that their welfare, in this life and in the life to come, depends a great deal upon what he is and upon what he does. He feels an earnest desire to be able to say at the day of judgment, 'Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me.' This constantly deepening sense of personal responsibility is of great benefit to the teacher. It makes him zealous, faithful and conscientious.

The constant study, necessary to efficient teaching, is of great benefit to the teacher. His knowledge of the Bible and of divine things becomes broader and more thorough as he makes weekly preparation for the teaching of the lesson. New beauties in the blessed Word of God are brought to view as he delves by prayerful study into the mysteries of God's revelation to man. His desire to study God's Word becomes stronger and stronger, and there is a corresponding capacity not only to discover but also to digest spiritual truth.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

My Last Drink.

(By S. H. Hadley, superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York.)

One Tuesday evening, on April 18, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for, when the time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river! But the Lord so ordered it that when the time did come, I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street; and, reader, I felt as if that would happen before morning. Something said, 'If you want to keep that promise, go and have yourself locked up.' I went to the nearest station house, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came in that place with me. This was not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord; that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said: 'Pray!' I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released and found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning, I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and toward evening it came into my head to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission. I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and the outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence, told his experience, that simple story that I heard so many hundred times afterwards, but which was ever new; how he had been a thief, an outcast, a drunkard—yes, a regular bum! but I gave my heart to God, and he saved me from everything that's wicked and bad. There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, 'I wonder if God can save me?' I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved! if God would help me! I was a total stranger; but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me! Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said:—'Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves in a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus's sake—Amen.' Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said:—'Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves.' He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, 'Brother, you pray. Now just tell the Lord what you want him to do for you.' How I trembled as he neared me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side, and whispered in my ear crimes I had forgotten for months: 'What are you going to do about such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had not you better think this matter over a while and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?' Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper, 'Come!' The devil said, 'Be careful?' Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, 'Brother, pray.' I said, 'Can't you pray for me?' Jerry said, 'All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself. I halted but a moment, and then with a broken heart, I said:—'Dear Jesus, can you help me?' Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ with all his brightness and power, had come into my life; that indeed old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if he would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for him all my life. He has done his part, and I have been trying to do mine.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, at 316 Water street, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1875. I have now been here thirteen years and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Man With the Pipe.

(Mrs. G. S. Barnes.)

'The Man with the Hoe' aroused in the poet 'a passionate protest against the oppression of centuries, the toiler ground down through ages of social injustice, the ruined majesty of a son of God.'

The man with the pipe is a living picture, so common in life, high and low, as to call forth scant protest, albeit the degradation of the majesty of God's sons goes surely on.

To one who loves humanity and knows the certain effects of nicotine poison, it is appalling to observe the growth of the tobacco habit, especially with the young.

When a young boy becomes addicted to the use of tobacco, his friends might as well drop all expectation of his being any great credit to his family. He is doomed to physical and mental mediocrity, if nothing worse.

Many good men, who might live to a ripe old age to bless the world, go down to death in their prime. We say they died of heart disease, or paralysis, or cancer, but if the truth were known, we should find that tobacco is the destroyer. Thus died one of our greatest heroes. More than any other one man is he responsible, by his example, for the spread of this habit.

Who can see a being created in God's image, with angelic possibilites, defiling himself with dirty pipe or quid, without experiencing a heartfelt pang? The filthiness to which this habit leads is patent to all except to those who would be most benefited by a realization of their degradation.

The man with the pipe is an immune. He is blissfully ignorant of the nauseating fact that his person and clothing are saturated with an odor as vile as it is pervasive.

'I knew it was you coming up,' said a gentleman to a smoker, as he entered an upper room, 'I smelled you at the foot of the stairs.'

'You are mistaken; I wasn't smoking.'

'You don't need to be smoking to make your presence known, even at a distance.'

'I wonder if I could ever have been as offensive as he?' asked a man who had lately reformed.

'Why, you were worse,' said a frank lady friend.

The smoker is often selfishly indifferent to the fact that he is polluting heaven's pure atmosphere, a fair share of which belongs to his neighbor as well as to himself. Selfishness and filthiness grow upon him imperceptibly, so that while he still regards himself as one of nature's noblemen, and perchance a Christian, he is not infrequently an offence to his friends, and is surely disobedient to his God, who says:—'Be ye holy, for I am holy.'

Tobacco is the strongest ally of King Alcohol, yet many who never quit the firing line, in the battle against rum, are users or vendors of the weed.—'Michigan Advocate.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of Dec. 4:

Undesignated.	
Previously acknowledged	$154.37
'Lyster' Band of Hope, Emmanuel	
N. E. Church, Ottawa	.05
T. Thomson Reikie	2.00
Mrs. Welsh	2.00
Mr. A. Ewall	.25
Mr. J. G. Conner	.75
John Scouler	11.00
D. Gemmell	5.00
Sent by Russell Fee—	
Robert Watt	1.00
Ira Hyde	.25
George Armstrong	.25
Russell Fee	1.30
Joseph Smith	.25
	$3.05
Mount Royal Vale Union Sabbath-School	15.70
M.M.	1.00
Mary Dell	1.00
From one who pities	2.00
In His Name	1.00
Friend, Montreal	.50
From the people of Saskatoon, per John Rex Brown	30.00
One of the Least	2.00
Central Dumfries W.C.T.U.	10.00
Sombra W.C.T.U.	1.65
Glenmore W.C.T.U.	1.00
H Class St. George's Sunday school.	6.35
Mr. Ironside	100.00
Collected by Ham Howell	.30
J.W.A.	3.00
Friend	1.00
Point St. Charles Christian Endeavor Society	2.00
Sons of England Benefit Society of Lachine	5.00
A Reader, Palmerston, Ont.	5.00
Collected by Muir McDonald, Pictou	50
Lewis Bedford, Pictou	.35
Cameron Head	.15
Clarence Henderson	.10
A Friend, Williamstown	1.00
Miss Thompson's Sunday school class, Centenary Methodist Church, Point St. Charles	2.00
James Murray	1.00
Janet E Murray	.25
Friends, Summerville	1.00
Total	$373.93

The above is divided in proportion to the designated amounts received follows:—

To Canadian Presbyterian Missions	$123.01
To Christian Alliance Mission.	154.94
To American Board of Missions.	29.70
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	12.47
To Southern India Famine Fund.	37.17
To Church Missionary Society	6.64
	$373.93

Young People Remembered.

The young people are always remembered in every edition of the 'Montreal Daily and 'Weekly Witness.' Their corner is conducted in a most entertaining manner with stories and puzzles and prize competitions, and—well, just like a boy's pocket, containing everything worth while.

As a newspaper—well, if you would be well informed, just read the 'Witness.' Its news is about as prompt and correct as it is possible to get it, and its freedom from outside control, both political and financial, is acknowledged by all. It is distinctly the newspaper of the sincere and intelligent reader. Try it for a year. Sample copies on application. Subscription price, 'Daily Witness,' $3.00. 'Weekly Witness,' $1.00.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Husband Trainers.

The wise, careful mother would consider herself derelict in duty if she neglected to train her daughter so that she might meet her future possible obligations as a wife; but she often fails to recognize the fact that it is incumbent upon her to fit her son to become a knightly husband.

Many a wife, after the illusions of the courtship and the honeymoon days are dispelled, is astonished, and sometimes shocked, at the little faults of manner and disagreeable habits that have become seemingly a part of her husband's character. Perhaps, also, there are things of a greater nature, that have the appearance of real selfishness, and she wonders how it could have been possible for his mother to have overlooked her son's training to such an extent that she failed to correct the faults that annoy her so greatly.

Men who love their wives are often greatly deficient in that gallantry which goes so far in the appreciation of women; the disagreeable habits formed in their early years cling to them, and it is not surprising that they are guilty of omissions and commissions unworthy of the high standards of gentlemanly conduct.

It is not only a humiliating, but often a hopeless task, for a wife to set herself about the effort of making little corrections daily. Some women from a sense of duty, and from the impulse of that powerful love for their husbands, do give themselves to the purpose of trying to bring out the very best in the man to whom they have pledged themselves, and through tact, gentleness, persistency, and wisdom, accomplish much. But no husband ought to make such a course of correction necessary as related to his daily habits, and no mother of a boy should neglect the duty of training him to become a gentleman in his own home. It has been said that if a son is respectful and tender towards his own mother he will be sure to prove a good husband. There are exceptions to this, as to every other, rule.

Was not Carlyle a loving son, who never missed a chance of assuring his mother of his gratitude to her, and of his affection, also. But was he always careful to assure the sensitive wife, who toiled for his comfort and happiness, of his appreciation of her service? Does a son need a training with special reference to the wife that somewhere waits for him?

Mother-love takes the initiative step, but wife-love waits for a first recognition, and expects, if she has a true sense of womanliness, that her husband will remain the wooer after marriage if he would hold what he had won. To his mother he offers love and gratitude, because she showered upon him proofs of her affection, and is his by a natural tie; and, if she is all that a mother should be to him, she will try to impress him with the necessity of honoring womanhood, and of appreciating its high standards. She will also endeavor to rouse in him an impulse of that old time chivalry which makes the man the ready defender of the weaker sex, and helps him to so far realize the needs of woman's nature that he shall offer the right sort of help and sympathy to her.

If mothers taught their boys the practice of politeness towards girls when they meet, and of a delicate attention to those little ways that the best breeding demands, and tried to instil into their minds unselfish principles, many would be the wives, where there is here and there one at present, who would have cause to bless those mothers who had carefully trained their sons so that they became good husbands. —'Christian Work.'

Little Things.

Even yet the power of small things is not realized. 'It is only a child,' we say, and we pass on, taking little account of the child's sayings or doings. Yet in that child there may be forces which shall yet startle the whole earth by a vast crime or a great benefaction. Perhaps if we realized that latent force better, we might do more to turn it in the right direction. But even now, before its development, there is a power in small things. The child may serve as an illustration again. Who has been in a house when the advent of the first child of the family occurred, has not been astonished at the power the little creature wields. The whole house is hushed while it sleeps lest its slumbers be disturbed. The man who was formerly considered to be entitled to the first consideration is sent hither and thither, or waked out of his sleep to minister to baby's comfort. The most treasured possessions which no one was allowed to handle, are freely given to the baby if he desires them. He is a monarch of the household and none are too old, or too dignified, to be subjected to his service. And the effect of his supremacy shows his power. Who has not seen a rough over-bearing man become gentle and kindly when his little child is put in his arms? The miracle of transformation of disposition, which no force nor argument nor appeals can work, is worked by a little child.—'Christian Herald.'

Sleeping Alone.

So high an authority as the London 'Lancet' says that no two persons should habitually sleep together. Nothing will so derange the nervous system of one who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another who is absorbent of nervous force. The latter will sleep soundly all night and arise refreshed in the morning, while the former will toss restlessly and awake in the morning fretful, peevish and discouraged. Fortunately fashion now agrees with hygiene in decreeing that only single beds shall be used in sleeping-rooms.

Selected Recipes.

Ragout of Turnip.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan. When hot, add one quart sliced turnip and one tablespoonful minced onion. Stir until the vegetables begin to brown, and then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, and a dash of pepper. Stir two minutes and add one cupful of milk or white stock. Cover, and let it simmer fifteen minutes on the back of the stove. Serve very hot.

Rochester Jelly Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake one-half the measure in three layers. To the other half add one cup of seeded raisins, one-half cup of currants, one tablespoonful of molasses, a piece of citron chopped fine, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice to taste. Bake in three layers and put all together with jelly.

Pot Pie Dumplings.—Mix and sift together one pint of pastry flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful salt. Beat one egg until thick and light, add one half cupful of cold water, stir this into the dry mixture, and enough more water to make a dough stiff enough to hold its shape when dropped from the spoon. Drop the dumplings on a plate a little distance apart and cook in a closely covered steamer for fifteen minutes; or, drop them on top of the boiling stew and cook for the same length of time. The secret of having them light and tender lies in their not being disturbed while cooking, and in not having much liquid around them, if cooked on top of the stew.

Try It for a Year.

If each subscriber would show the 'Messenger' to a friend and say that the price is only 30c, and suggest that the friend 'try it for a year,' the result would be most pleasing to the publishers, and the sender of the club would have the advantage of club rates.

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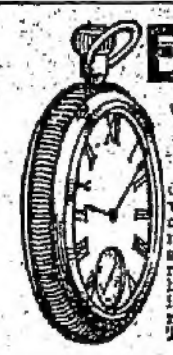

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GIRLS! FREE!

This Beautiful Doll is given for selling only 2 dozen packages of delicious perfume at 10c. each. Our perfume is in three odors—heliotrope, violet and rose. It is so fragrant, and is put up in such beautiful packages, that often several can be sold in one house. Any girl can easily earn this handsome doll. She is a real beauty, 19 inches tall, with movable head, arms and legs, so that she can sit in a chair. Her dress is of rich material, cut in the latest style, and beautifully trimmed with velvet and lace. Her hat is extremely fashionable, and she has also stockings, slippers and underclothing. She is very pretty, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and an abundance of light, curly hair. Remember, we ask no money in advance. Simply write and we send perfume. You sell it, return us the money, and we send your doll, carefully packed. Home Specialty Co., Box 83 Toronto.

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